# Epilogue

Throughout my evolution – it has been the love of a Robert, who has given me joy, purpose and comfort. Like the sweet song, "Cherish" by The Association, they gave me a brief glimpse of happiness. Without those coveted memories, I could not have endured the years of neglect and indifference.

They became my Alpha (first love) and Omega (last love).

One image, common yet unique to each Robert, involved being embraced against the cold, before a bright light. Randolph held me close beneath a post lights illumination – snowflakes fluttering from a dark night sky. Vallejo engulfed me with a quilt as I stood in an empty field, before a full moon – the sky sprinkled with stars.

Quite a contrast to the decades I devoted to a man who could not cherish anyone other than himself. My 33 years with George were not all bad – even though my story paints him as a cad, pictures of us together contain amusement and even joy. I do not profess to understand the demons or self-adulation that propelled him to act the way he did over the years. On a simple level I still care about him.

My crowning jewel is Crystal. She will forever love us both – because I made sure she could. George is now living a "spiritual life", to which I'm sure he will find some comfort. Honestly – his longest wife and daughter will remain perplexed and amused.

Here on my 70th birthday, I remember the brief respite both Roberts held within my heart. Like bookends to a jumble of misadventures, they saved my sanity and gave me closure. They were strong yet temporary.

As we all are.

I would be sadly remiss were I not to acknowledge the main catalyst that propelled my life and secured my future. Boyd Eugene Low; my father and offspring of military ancestors; did not always agree with me, but I know he loved me. I am the last member of my immediate family and have benefited from all his hard work.

My mother, Virginia Kay Low, has always been my staunchest advocate. Even now she is with me, just beyond this mortal vail. Genetically, I may be around for another 20 years – but I could *not* wake up tomorrow and still be content my bucket list has no unchecked boxes! I enjoy being alone, in the company of cats. My mother's spirit is in the garden, Bob's spirit amongst the stones and for the rest of my days – there we will dwell. ∞